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A VISIT TO A GUANO ISLAND.

AMONGST all the new-fangled manures introduced by experimentalizing agriculturists during the last twenty years, not one has been so rapidly and universally adopted as guano. Its astonishing

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fertilizing qualities and easy mode of application have rendered it a general favourite with the farmers, though the immense distance of the places from which it is chiefly obtained, and its consequent high price in England, must necessarily

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limit its use even if the supplies were inexhaustible.

The island of Ichaboe, on the west coast of Africa, from whence guano was first obtained in large quantities, is, perhaps, a most remarkable instance of a desolate rock becoming suddenly the port of destination for hundreds of large ships, and the source of immense wealth to numerous individuals. But Ichaboe was soon exhausted, and the dusty treasure that had for many centuries been accumulating on its rocky bosom was literally swept away. The once busy island has now returned to its former loneliness, and the fleet of ships that gathered round it seek on still more distant coasts the fertilizing powder that shall fatten the impoverished fields of old-world countries. In a recent number we gave a sketch, drawn from personal observation, of the rich silver districts of Peru, and we now ask the reader to accompany us to the same far-off country, for upon her shores there lies an open mine of wealth that will bear comparison in value, and far exceed in usefulness, the glittering veins that traverse her huge mountains.

More than half the guano imported into England, during the last ten years, has been obtained from a small group of islands called the Chinicas, that lie off the port of Pisco, on the Peruvian coast. Of these islands, the largest, Sangallan, has very little guano upon it, the principal deposits being found on three smaller ones, the most northern of the group. These are emphatically the guano islands, for they are utterly unproductive of anything besides. They are distinguished as the north, middle, and south islands. The north island has been constantly worked ever since the introduction of guano into England; the middle one has also been occasionally invaded; but the south island, on which I believe the accumulation to be greatest, remains untouched.

Every ship bound to the Chinicas is compelled to anchor at Pisco, in order to pass the necessary custom-house formalities before proceeding to her loading ground. A couple of hours are then sufficient to carry her across the few miles of water that intervene, and she soon again drops her anchor amongst the numerous fleet that is ever laying off the islands waiting for their turn to load. The odorous scent of the guano is distinctly perceptible at several miles distance, and is far from unpleasant when thus mingled with the pure sea air.

The first duty of the crew after the ship's arrival is to discharge the extra ballast, and as the captains have no dread of port-officers or harbour-masters, the sand or stone is quietly tossed over the side, until there is barely sufficient left in the hold to keep the vessel on an even keel. In the meantime, the long-boat is hoisted out of her berth amidships, and part of the crew are busily employed in bringing off boat-loads of guano from the island, to replace the discharged ballast. The peculiar odour pervades the whole ship, the carefully tarred rigging becomes a dirty brown, while the snow-white decks and closely-furled sails assume the same dark hue.

On the side next the mainland, the islands rise precipitously from the sea to a considerable height, presenting only a bare, dark wall of rock. From the upper edge of the precipice the huge mound of guano slopes rapidly upwards for a short distance,

and then spreads into a level surface that gradually descends on every other side to within a few yards of the water. Here and there, rough craggy points thrust their white heads through the brown crust of guano, which has completely filled up the deep hollows that have originally existed in the island, and would soon, had it not been disturbed, have covered even these crests of what were once tall pinnacles. The only safe landing-place is on a narrow strip of beach, the remainder of the island being surrounded by low rocks and small detached reefs; but the singular formation has greatly facilitated the loading of ships, enabling the crews to accomplish that in a few days, which, under other circumstances, must have cost them tedious weeks of labour. Close to the face of the rock the water is deep enough to float the largest merchantman, and the steady constancy of the trade-wind, which rarely increases here beyond a pleasant breeze, enables the ship to lie in perfect safety in close contact with her two most dangerous enemies—a rocky island and a dead lee-shore. Having taken aboard by her boats sufficient guano to ballast her, the ship is hauled in close to the steep cliff, to which she is securely bound with warps and chains; two anchors being dropped to seaward to enable her to haul off again when loaded, or in case of accident.

Down to the very edge of the precipice, on its lofty summit, comes the point of a triangular inclosure, open at its base, and made of strong stakes driven into the solid guano, and closely knit together with iron chains. At the point resting upon the edge of the cliff there is a small opening, to which is firmly attached a wide canvass pipe, which hangs down the face of the precipice and passes into the hold of the vessel beneath. The inclosure, which will contain several hundred tons, is filled with guano by the Indian labourers, and a small line that closes the mouth of the pipe being slacked, the whole mass is poured into the ship at a rate which very soon completes her cargo. From different parts of the pipe, bowlines lead to the mast-heads of the vessel, and from thence on deck, where they are tended by the crew, who alternately haul upon and slack them so as to keep the long pipe in motion and prevent its choking. But, however well they may succeed in that effort, the men have considerable difficulty in avoiding some such catastrophe in their own persons; for the guano, after falling from so great an elevation, rises through the hatchways in one immense cloud, that completely envelops the ship, and renders the inhaling of anything save dust almost a matter of impossibility. The men wear patent respirators, in the shape of bunches of tarry oakum, tied across their mouths and nostrils; but the guano mocks at such weak defences, and a brisk continued fusillade of sneezes celebrates the opening of the pipe, and accompanies, in repeated volleys and with unwilling tears, the unrelenting shower of pungent dust. In the meantime, a gang of Indians are at work in the hold, trimming and levelling the guano as it pours from above. How they contrive to exist at all in such an atmosphere is matter of astonishment; but even they are unable to remain below longer than twenty minutes at one time. They are then relieved by another party, and return on deck, perfectly naked, streaming with per-

spiration, and with their brown skins thickly coated with guano. The two parties thus alternately relieving each other, a ship of seven or eight hundred tons is loaded in this manner in two or three days, the Indians on the island working during the night, and filling up the inclosure, ready for shipment on the following day. A smaller inclosure and pipe supply the boats of the vessels anchored off the island.

The guano is dug out with pick and shovel down to the level of the rock, and on the north island the cutting thus formed is in some places from sixty to eighty feet in depth, in others it is only a few inches; but these shallow spots are comparatively rare, and usually border on some deep valley firmly packed with the prevailing substance. From the pressure of the superincumbent mass, the lower strata have become almost as hard and compact as the rock itself, and the colour deepens from a light brown, or sometimes white, at the surface, to nearly black at the bottom of the cutting.

The guano of the Chinca islands is said to surpass all other deposits in its strength and fertilizing qualities, and this is chiefly attributed to the fact that rain never falls on those islands. Owing to this extreme aridity of the climate, the saline particles of the manure are never held in solution, and are therefore less liable to be lost by evaporation than where the surface of the mass is frequently washed by heavy rains. Large lumps of very strong and pure ammonia are, in fact, often turned up by the diggers. The thick fogs, that at certain seasons are of nightly occurrence on the coast, convert the outer layer into a greasy paste, which is immediately baked by the sun into a hard crust that prevents even the fogs from penetrating into the interior. This crust is completely undermined by the birds that still frequent the islands in vast numbers, though they are said to bear no comparison to the myriads that formerly held sole and undisturbed possession of them. There are mews, gannets, penguins, pelicans, divers, sheerbeaks, and many other sorts of sea-fowl, but the most common is the guano-bird—a very handsome creature, about the size of a pigeon, beautifully variegated, and decorated with two pendant ear-drops. Naturalists, delighting in hard words, call him, I believe, *sulieta variegata*. These web-footed colonists form regular towns beneath the crust of the guano, the various settlements communicating with each other by galleries running in all directions, so that it is almost impossible to set foot upon the untouched surface of the island without sinking to the knee in some feathered lady's nursery, and either smashing her eggs or mutilating her half-fledged progeny. The eggshells, and the remains of fish brought to feed the young birds, or to be devoured at leisure by the old ones, must form a considerable item in the deposits.

Thickly tenanted as are the islands and the air above them, the waters beneath are no less full of life. Shoals of small fish are continually passing through the channels; whales are frequently seen rolling their huge bodies in the offing; and the numerous caves that perforate the islands on every side are inhabited by colonies of seals and sea-lions, that wage an unceasing predatory war upon the sparkling shoals that pass, unconscious of all danger, their gloomy surf-bound territories.

The islands themselves are perfectly barren. Not a blade of grass, nor even a particle of moss, exists upon them. They present only one brown arid expanse, incapable of furnishing food for the tiniest nibbler that ever gnawed a grain of corn; and yet they possess sufficient fertilizing power to transform a barren desert to a fruitful garden; and they annually furnish food in other lands for thousands of hungry mortals who never even heard of their existence! They are also completely destitute of water, the Indians who live upon them being supplied with this necessary of life by the shipping in turns. Every article of food is brought from Pisco, to which port the guano-diggers occasionally resort, to spend in extravagance and dissipation their hard-earned wages. The commandant resides on the north island, in a miserable cottage. Four poles stuck in the guano, with grass mats or a few reeds stretched between them and covered in with a flat roof of the same material, form specimens of a high order of Chinca architecture. Furniture is of course unknown, and clothes are as nearly so as possible; but the high wages given to the labourers appear to balance the *désagréments* of their position, for several Englishmen are amongst their number. Some of these are employed in mooring the ships alongside the rock.

From a recent return made to the House of Commons, on the subject of guano, some idea may be obtained of the immense quantity of this manure consumed in England, and of the vast proportion of it which is furnished by these insignificant islands. During the eleven years over which the return extends—from 1841 to 1851 inclusive—the quantity of guano imported into England from various parts of the world amounted to 1,100,220 tons. Now much of the Ichaboe guano realized more than 20*l.* per ton; but averaging the whole quantity at its more general and present price of 10*l.*, it follows that in eleven years the farmers of Great Britain have expended, in the purchase of this manure alone, upwards of eleven millions sterling, or more than one million per annum! Of this quantity, 558,067 tons, or more than half of the whole, have been procured from the Chinca islands; and deducting from the realized price in England four pounds per ton as the cost of freight, the guano shipped during that time at the Chinca may be considered as intrinsically worth 3,348,402*l.* In 1851, the Chinca furnished 199,732 tons—more than double the supply of any former year; though Ichaboe still stands first in annual produce, that island having supplied, in 1845, 207,679 tons. The returns for 1851 warrant the conclusion that in that year there was expended in Great Britain, in the purchase of guano, very nearly two millions and a half of money! There is little doubt that the annual supply from the Chinca is now more than two hundred thousand tons; and yet, when I visited the islands in 1850, the vacancy from which these enormous amounts had been taken bore scarcely any proportion to the great bulk that remained untouched. And to that mass may now be added the deposits on the Lobos islands, which are, I believe, of considerable magnitude, though of inferior quality.

Besides the guano imported into England, large

shipments are made to other countries; and, in those once solitary waters, the flags of the United States, of France, Belgium, Norway, and many other nations, now float beside the red ensign of England and the countless stars of the South American republics. Guano, indeed, has been used for agricultural purposes in Peru ever since the invasion of the Spaniards, and there are good grounds for believing that its use was known to the Indians long anterior to that period. It is now chiefly applied there in the cultivation of maize and potatoes, and large quantities of it are consumed in the haciendas that skirt the banks of the rivers which flow from the mountains through the desert coast, raising in their passage through the arid sand-ocean long green islands of extraordinary fertility. The mode of applying the manure differs considerably from that adopted in England. It is never used with the seed; but when the plants are a few inches above the surface a long shallow trench is made close to the roots, and in this a small quantity of guano is placed, the white being always preferred. The trench being slightly covered with earth, the whole field is either laid completely under water by dams and sluices erected for the purpose, or, where no such system of irrigation exists, other means are adopted for thoroughly saturating the soil. The potatoes produced by this mode of culture are perhaps the finest both for size and quality in the world, and the extraordinary rapidity of their growth after the first application of the manure is most astonishing. This fact alone ought to furnish a sufficient reply to the theory that attributed the late potato disease to the use of guano.

A cargo of guano is a common resource for ships that have failed to obtain a return freight from Australia, as they can proceed in almost a straight line from that country to the coast of Peru. A fresh discovery of guano has recently been announced in the British colony of the Falkland islands, but it is said to be of an inferior description, probably resembling that procured from the coast of Patagonia. Besides these deposits, there were brought, in 1851, from the vicinity of Swan River, in Western Australia, 6522 tons; and in many of the small islands in Bass' Straits, and along the coast of Tasmania, small deposits have been found. Indeed, although several expeditions in search of new guano-fields have been sent out, yet it is not unlikely that there may still exist on the shores of that extraordinary continent an immense accumulation of this valuable product; in which case there can be little doubt that the discovery of so precious a treasure would do more to advance the prosperity of the colony than the opening up of a new Mount Alexander, or the discovery of a second and still richer Ballarat.

OUR CABS AND 'BUSSES, WITH A WORD FOR THEIR DRIVERS.

SEATED as we now are in a quiet retired mansion, at an easy distance, however, from some of the great city thoroughfares, along which the thunder of traffic rolls morning, noon, and night, falling upon our ears in one heavy unbroken hum, it is almost impossible to realize the fact, that about

two hundred years ago the silence of the streets of this same London was broken by scarcely a passing carriage, and that only twenty-four years ago not a single omnibus was to be met with in the metropolis! Yet such was positively the case. The growth and extension of carriage locomotion is truly one of the prodigies of the age, and the subject, we beg to assure our readers, is one which will well reward their attention.

Coaches were introduced into England in 1564, by a Dutchman, who afterwards became queen Elizabeth's coachman. For a long period, however, they were quite an aristocratic and royal luxury, and the use of them was considered indicative of effeminacy. Tobacco being brought in about the same period, it was a debate among the satirists of the times, whether tobacco was smuggled into our country in a coach, or the coach in a mist of tobacco smoke. As innovations upon the exclusiveness of this indulgence were gradually made by wealthy citizens, the number of horses kept became the symbol of distinction and nobility, until some of the more ambitious magnates of the land harnessed no fewer than eight prancing steeds, which, in the narrow streets of that period, full of holes and quagmires, could not be pleasant either to drive or to ride behind. The nobleman's coach was in due season followed by the hackney coach, whose introduction dates from the close of the reign of James I., in 1623; while the first coach-stand was established eleven years afterwards. Proclamations were several times issued against these stands, but entirely without success, for the popular feeling was too strongly in favour of this convenience to yield to the wishes of the court on the subject.

After a long reign of 200 years, the fall of the hackney-coach régime came at last, and not at all before a change was urgently needed and desired. "Vested interests" yielded after a long struggle to the demands of "public convenience." Cabriolets—or cabs, as we now invariably abridge the word—are a French importation. Ten years before this new vehicle was seen on a London pavement there were 1150 of them upon the hackney-stands of Paris. It was not, indeed, until the year 1823 that Messrs. Bradshaw and Rotch succeeded in obtaining licences for twelve cabs, which they started at 8*d.* per mile, at a time when the hackney-coach fare was 1*s.* They speedily became favourites; so that the number was subsequently increased to 50, then to 100, until, in less than nine years from their introduction, all restriction upon their use was abolished. They have undergone, as was to have been expected, great alterations and improvements in structure during the comparatively brief history of their English naturalization. On their first appearance they all ran upon two wheels, and hoisted in foul weather a huge leathern hood, in which the wind often contended with the horse for mastery. Several transformations, with which most of our grown-up London readers will be familiar, succeeded before cabs settled down into the present twofold form of the Clarence and the Hansom. Their number has also been proportionately enlarged, 3600 being now employed to perform their share of the vast traffic of the metropolis.

The OMNIBUS, however, which plays so prominent and indispensable a part in the economy of

metropolitan life, is a still more recent adaptation of carriage accommodation to the exigencies of a multiplying population. Like the cabs, they are of French origin; and though, when first started, they were regarded somewhat as a luxury, they have long since become, from the great distances which myriads are daily compelled to traverse, an absolute necessary of life. If their running, indeed, were to be but for one day suspended, the whole mechanism of trade and commerce would be deranged. For the introduction of this cheap mode of public transit we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Shillibeer, the proprietor of the well-known patent mourning-coaches. This gentleman, we learn from a letter of the special correspondent of the "Morning Chronicle," which appeared on September 26, 1850, after spending his youth as a midshipman in the navy, studied the business of a coach-builder in Long-acre; and having attained to a proficiency in this art, he established himself in Paris as a builder of English carriages—a demand for which had sprung up after the peace, when the current of English travel was directed strongly to France. In this speculation Mr. Shillibeer was eminently successful, having been employed by prince Polignac and other notables of the times. He was thus occupied, in 1819, when M. Lafitte first started his omnibuses in the French capital. This gentleman was the banker, and afterwards the minister, of Louis Philippe. Five or six years subsequently to this period, it occurred to Mr. Shillibeer that so comfortable a mode of conveyance might be advantageously introduced into London.* The thought soon ripened into action; and having disposed of his Parisian establishment, he came over, resolved to confer on his fellow-citizens the benefits of his new plan. "In order," says our authority, "that the introduction might have every chance of success, and have the full *prestige* of respectability, Mr. Shillibeer brought over with him from Paris two youths, both the sons of British naval officers, and the young gents were for a few weeks his 'conductors.' They were smartly dressed in 'blue cloth and togs,' each dress costing 5*l*. Their addressing any foreigner in French, and the French style of the whole affair, gave rise to the opinion that Mr. Shillibeer was a Frenchman, and that the English were indebted to a foreigner for the improvement of their carriage transit. His speculation was at once successful. His two vehicles carried each 22 persons, and were filled every journey. The form was that of the present omnibus, but larger and roomier, as the 22 were all accommodated inside; no one being on the outside but the driver. Three horses, yoked abreast, were used to draw these carriages. For some time, until the novelty wore off, there were crowds assembled to see the omnibuses start; and many ladies and gentlemen took their places in them from the Bank to the Yorkshire Stingo, in order that they might have the pleasure of riding back again. The fare was 1*s*. for the whole, and 6*d*. for half the distance, and each omnibus made twelve journeys to and fro

every day. Mr. Shillibeer's receipts were 100*l*. a week. At first, he provided a few books, chiefly magazines, for the perusal of his customers; but this peripatetic library was discontinued in consequence of the customers abstracting the books."

In the course of a few months, this enterprising public benefactor had twelve omnibuses at work. The old short-stage proprietors grumbled and denounced the daring innovation for some time, but finding that the public did not respond to their cry, they made a virtue of necessity, and started opposition vehicles, which in the course of time led to a fierceness of competition that became perilous to the passengers. They crossed each other's paths, raced, or drove their poles recklessly into the back of one another; until accidents, and squabbles, and loitering became of such frequent occurrence, while the time of the police magistrates was so engrossed with "omnibus business," that, in 1832, legislative interference became imperative. A licensing system was shortly afterwards adopted, which proved a remedy for some of the evils complained of. It is much to be regretted, however, that in many respects—such, for example, as the well-known *cachet de correspondance*,* with its striking advantages and facilities of transit; the provision of bureaux or waiting-rooms at special places on the route; the use of tickets, giving the holders a right of admission; the payment of fares on entrance; together with greater capacity and comfort in the interior of the vehicle—we continue to the present day to be far behind our French neighbours. "The horrors of the middle passage," it has been wittily remarked, are realized in passing along the crowded interior of a London omnibus.

The ruinous litigations resulting from the contentions of omnibus proprietors gradually led to their coalition for mutual protection, and also to the formation of gigantic joint-stock companies. Many of these associations, as well as some private proprietors, own from 40 to 56 omnibuses each, which involve the investment of an enormous capital, as will be evident from the fact that each omnibus costs somewhat more than 100*l*., and requires ten horses to work it, which, at 20*l*. each, amounts to 200*l*., besides 30*l*. for harness and other items. This, however, is only the *prime* cost. The annual expenditure subsequently incurred is scarcely short of 900*l*. for each omnibus. There being nearly 3000 London omnibuses, the aggregate original cost would reach 1,020,000*l*., while it requires a further annual outlay of no less than 2,700,000*l*. to maintain them on the streets.

The statistics of omnibus travelling are so very curious and startling, that it will need no apology, we trust, for placing some of them before our readers. "Low as omnibus fares now are," says a recent writer,† "there is probably expended every year by the public of the metropolis the enormous sum of 3,000,000*l*. in omnibus fares. The population of the metropolis is scarcely 2,500,000; so

* Omnibuses had been previously tried in the English metropolis at the commencement of the present century, but had been found not to answer. We recollect seeing an old print of the Bank of England, taken about 1801, in which a carriage exactly like our present omnibus is represented.

* By this term is indicated that arrangement, among all the omnibuses of the French capital, by means of which a passenger may be conveyed from any one point of the city to another, on the payment of a single fare, and thus avoid the expensive mistakes and loss of time which are of so frequent occurrence in London by inexperienced persons.

† "The Million-peopled City; or, one half of the People of London made known to the other half." By John Garwood, M.A. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1853.

that there is an average expenditure of 24s. by each inhabitant in London every year in omnibus riding, which would pay for ninety-six threepenny rides. But as infants in arms ride free, and are all, therefore, an addition to the number of riders; and as the inmates of workhouses, prisons, hospitals, etc., on the one hand, and those, on the other hand, too high in rank to patronize such plebeian conveyances, and many other classes, are shut out from these conveniences, the parties *actually using* our metropolitan omnibuses must each, on an average, expend nearly double the amount specified, and have probably an average of 200 economical rides during the year. This vast branch of locomotion is, in fact, the greatest in the country next to railway traffic; and, as can be shown, even greater than that, so far as the metropolis is concerned.* Thirty thousand horses are employed in connexion with the London omnibuses. It costs very nearly 1,000,000*l.* each year to provide them with necessary hay and straw, and more than three-fourths of that sum to buy them corn. The mere shoeing of the horses may be reckoned at 7800*l.* a year, and the wear and tear of each omnibus is at the rate of 50*l.* a year.

"The taxes paid by these carriages are also considerable. Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that each London omnibus pays about 108*l.* every year for duty to government, or, in all, 324,000*l.* annually. This is charged in the form of a mileage duty of 1½*d.* for every mile traversed, and is, of course, in addition to turnpikes. The 'Favorite' omnibuses alone are reported to pay not less than 2000*l.* a year for the toll at Islington-gate."

The statistical calculations, as to the immense distances annually travelled by omnibuses, are equally surprising with the foregoing facts. The following statement is made by the authority before referred to. "The average journey is six miles, and that distance is, in some cases, travelled twelve times a day by each 'bus'; or, as it is called, 'six there and six back.' Some perform the journey only ten times a day, and a few a still less number of times. Now, taking the average as between 40 and 50 miles a day travelled by each omnibus, and computing the omnibuses daily running as 3000, we find a 'travel' of upwards of 140,000 miles daily—or nearly a million weekly—or a yearly 'travel' of more than 50,000,000 of miles—an extent that almost defies a parallel in any distances popularly familiar. The accuracy of this estimate is proved by the sum paid to the excise for mileage. The extent of individual travel," he continues, "by some of the omnibus drivers is enormous. One man told me he had driven his 'bus' 72 miles every day for six years, with the exception of 12 miles less every second Sunday; so that this man had driven, in six years, 179,568 miles"—being a distance more than *seven times round the globe!* Reckoning, too, only 15 passengers each journey, and ten journeys a day, we have 150 passengers by each 'bus, or 450,000 by the entire

London omnibuses, which is nearly one-fifth of the whole population. The gross number every week consequently exceeds three millions, and during the year runs up to the enormous aggregate of *one hundred and fifty-six millions* of persons.

But our chief object in thus dwelling upon the rapid and marvellous expansion of our metropolitan travelling facilities, is to awaken more effectually, if possible, the kindly consideration of all who are within the reach of our voice to the degraded condition of the attendants upon these vehicles. While the public comfort and convenience has been promoted to an unexampled extent, an immense body of men, reared under the rigorous system now in vogue, has been simultaneously reduced to a state of social, moral, and religious deterioration that is distressing to contemplate. There is, perhaps, no other class of Englishmen that has been so completely abandoned to all the temptations and evils incident to their employment, and for whose restoration to the rights and privileges of manhood so little has been done. They have been treated too generally as the Ishmaelites of the community, and no wonder if, in many instances, they have resentfully turned their hands and tongues against those whom they have imagined to be their oppressors. We trust, however, that a better day for them is already dawning. Much attention has of late been called both to their wrongs and their vices; and in proportion as acquaintance with them has been cultivated, it has been found that they are by no means so obdurate, or so unsusceptible to human sympathy and the overtures of Christian kindness, as was long supposed. Several small pamphlets have recently appeared, setting forth their sufferings, and pleading earnestly on their behalf; but these literary ephemera were not at all calculated to make any wide or enduring impression on the public mind. It is with unfeigned joy, therefore, that we witness the appearance of the work just referred to, from the pen of the Rev. J. Garwood, M.A., one of the secretaries to the London City Mission, which, from its higher pretensions, greater completeness of information, and elegant appearance, we doubt not is destined to attract much commiserating attention to the neglected classes of London. It consists of five sections, in which we have affecting pictures of the condition of "London Juveniles," "Greenwich and Chelsea Pensioners," the "London Cab-driver," the "London Omnibus Man," and the "Irish of the Metropolis." Our notice in the present paper is necessarily restricted to the third and fourth classes, in treating of whom we are glad to find that Mr. Garwood has freely availed himself of the information collected by his predecessors, although it has been greatly augmented from special sources at his own command. The little space yet at our disposal will be occupied by a selection from these facts; while we would urge such of our readers as may be desirous of extending their acquaintance with the subject, to procure and peruse the volume for themselves.

The number of human beings dependent upon the cab and 'bus traffic is absolutely startling. At the close of 1852, the licensed cab-drivers of London amounted to 6388, the licensed watermen to 346, making a total of 6734. With their wives and families, they probably constitute a body of 25,000

* According to Mr. C. Pearson, there are 200,000 persons coming into and leaving London every day by the present railways. This number, multiplied by 365, gives an annual aggregate of 73,000,000 travellers by the metropolitan railways, which is less than one-half of the 156,000,000 annual passengers by the London omnibuses.

individuals. To this enumeration has to be added about 1000 "bucks," or men who have been, for bad conduct, deprived of their licences, and who are continually loitering about the cab-stands, watching for casual employment by the regular drivers. These men are notoriously addicted to drunkenness, extortion, and even theft, and, from being associated with more worthy and honourable men, have brought indiscriminate odium upon the entire corps. The great majority of "bucks" have been in prison. Very few of them are married men; their days are generally spent in the tap-room, while they mostly sleep in cabs at night. As these depraved men, therefore, are not recognised members of the body, although for convenience occasionally employed, it is not just to visit their irregularities upon the reputation of the licensed drivers. This fact, if generally known, may tend to assuage that bitterness which is so often displayed in speaking of these severely censured individuals.

Upon the extortion so generally complained of in cabmen, Mr. Garwood has some kind and slightly extenuating remarks. In condemning these persons, too little allowance is made for the rigorous and inexorable exactions of the system to which they are subjected. In Mr. Garwood's opinion, the present fares are not such as to leave a large profit to the proprietors. It is reckoned in the trade, that less than 14s. brought home daily by the driver in the season, and about 9s. out of the season, will not be remunerative. For this sum the driver is required by the proprietor to "sign," as it is termed, and he is held responsible for the amount whether he earns it or not; while his only remuneration is any excess over the stipulated sum which he may be able to secure—no wages being paid. Some of the less respectable proprietors, or "contractors," compel the men to sign for 16s. and 12s. a week, according to the season. Now this principle, we do not hesitate to say, must produce, in many cases, the fruits which the system is found to yield. As a body, they find it extremely difficult to make a living after handing over the sum for which they are bound—a default in the payment of which exposes them to loss of place, as well as to fine and imprisonment.

The men employed in connexion with omnibuses considerably exceed cabmen in number. Embracing drivers, conductors, ostlers, stable-keepers, time-keepers, etc., and reckoning seven persons to every two 'buses, we have a total of 10,500 persons thus engaged, who, with their families, probably make an aggregate of at least 40,000 individuals.

One of the most fruitful causes of the demoralization of both these bodies of public servants consists in their almost universal employment on the sabbath. They are compelled either to sacrifice their situations or violate the sanctity of that day. Few of their employers will concede to them the privilege of even an occasional freedom from toil. To ask for it, in many cases, would insure dismissal. They generally feel it to be not only a cruel privation, but also a deep degradation, to be robbed of their seventh-day rest; while it embitters their prejudices against religion and religious people, that they are often employed by them on that day without any apparent urgent necessity. "Persons

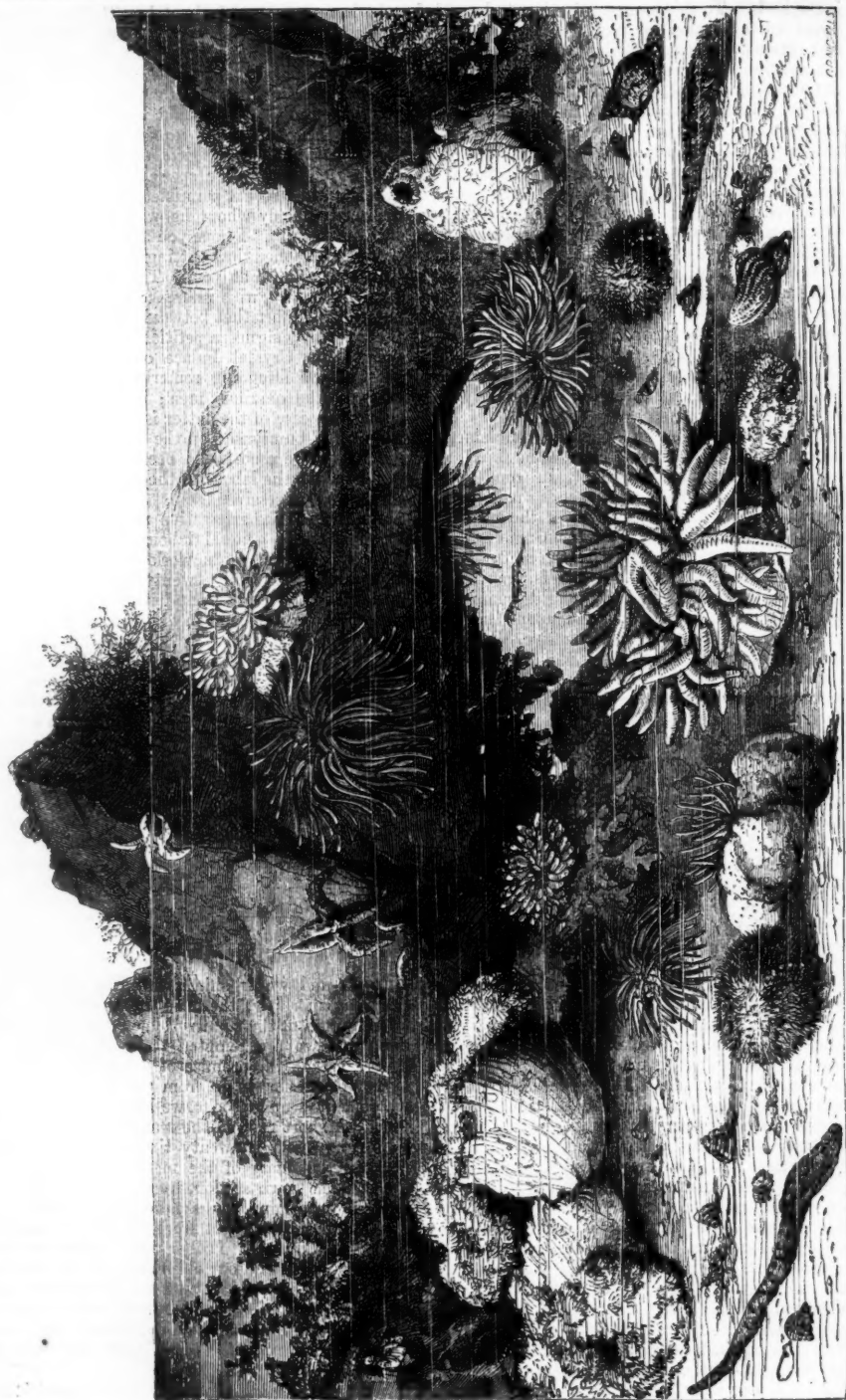
who have not mixed intimately with these unhappy outcasts," says Mr. Garwood, "can scarcely imagine the stumbling-block which this presents to their favourable regard of the claims of the gospel. They entertain the idea that, if it were not for religious people, they would have their Sundays, as they believe *that it would not otherwise be worth their masters' while to send them out on that day, except under special circumstances.* It is related in a recent pamphlet, that a cabman—in answer to a lady whom he was driving, and who had said to him, 'I hope you attend some place of worship'—replied thus cuttingly, 'No, ma'am; we drives about such as you.' The strong feeling of London cabmen, with reference to Sunday-work, is shown in the fact that between 2000 and 3000 of them recently signed a petition against the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's day." Most of the foregoing remarks are equally applicable to the omnibus men; indeed, in some respects, the case of the latter is the worse; for the running of omnibuses on the Sunday is more general than the use of cabs, because it is more profitable, while the labour of the men is usually more severe and oppressive.

As regards the exhaustive and protracted character of their general labour, we are told that some omnibus servants work fourteen, some sixteen, and some nearly twenty hours a day. The latter are railway omnibus drivers and conductors, who commence at four in the morning, and continue, with the exception of about an hour and half, until twelve o'clock at night. The average is about fifteen hours, out of which they have from seven to ten minutes allowed for meals. So unremitting is their toil, that the meetings of a society, recently formed by themselves to improve their moral and social condition, have to be held *after midnight*—that being the only time which they can command to attend! That a large body of Englishmen should be in the state indicated so significantly by this fact is a scandal to our country, and the crying evil ought speedily to be swept away.

FISH ALIVE, O!

BRIGHT and warm shines the May sun on this Saturday morning, the 21st of the month; the sweet breath of the country blows over dusty London; and we are tempted forth by the fragrant breeze, and by the promise of novelty in a quarter by no means new to us, from the little back-room where, chin-deep in books, we have sat for the past week. A short ride, in the rear of the steam-steed that runs snorting twenty times a day round the northern boundary of the metropolis, lands us at the Camden Town station, from which a walk of a quarter of an hour brings us to Gloucester Gate, a few minutes only distant from the entrance of the Zoological Gardens. Hither we are come to make a morning call upon our old friends, the brutes, the birds, and the amphibia, and to strike up an acquaintance, if we can, with the new importations—the fishes and molluscs of the river and the sea—which on this sunshiny morning are first open to the honours of a public levee.

We find the garden gay with flowers, and toler-



ACTINIA DIANTHUS.

ECHINUS.

ACTINIA GRASSICORNIS.

ANTHEA CERES.

ASCIDIA.

ably shady already with the bright green spring foliage, and all our old friends, bipeds, quadrupeds, and no-peds, enjoying themselves at their ease, without a care upon their shoulders, all domestic troubles being taken off their hands by a numerous retinue of human attendants, who provide for their every want, and never ask them for wages, or present a bill of charges for bed and board. There are those old sages the owls, standing as if for their portraits by some drowsy artist, just as they stood this time last year: that grim vulture on the top of his rock seems never to have moved off since we saw him last: the royal eagle spreads his huge wings as royally as ever: the seal in the water rests his chin as usual on the warm stone on the edge of his tank: the rhinoceros keeps himself as much to himself as ever he did: those living sections of the side of a hill, the giraffes, carry their heads as near to the clouds as formerly: the snakes are just as lazy, and just as venomous too, as they have always been known to be; the lizards just as sleepy and as timorous; and the fearful pythons as fond of stealing out of sight and making themselves comfortable as in the days of yore. That black shaggy bear has no more moderation in the matter of cakes than he had a twelvemonth back, but would climb any number of poles any number of times for any number of buns that you might offer him. Some difference is discernible in some of our favourites too. Madame Elephant's baby is growing a bouncing girl, being a match for an average ox, in size at least, already; and having been brought up to the trade of a beggar, excels in it just as much as her mother; in fact, she surpasses the old lady in activity and pertinacity, being the first to project her snout through the rails when anything is to be had for the asking, and the last to withdraw it. Master Hippopotamus, too, is almost, if not quite, grown into Mister Hippopotamus; he has just been having a bath, and then a meal of grass, just a bushel or two by way of a "snack"—and here he lies prone on the warm stones in the grateful sunshine, resting his parallelogrammic mountain of a head on the ground, and snorting in a manner which would not be tolerated in well-bred company, and blinking with his bright eyes at every passer-by, with a self-satisfied look which says, "I'm very well off, and I know it." When we come to the lions, we find his desert majesty in a fit of wrath, with his tail erect, and growling at his keeper, who has been talking to him in a way not quite agreeable to the ears of a monarch. Now and then he looks at his mate, evidently inquiring whether she thinks such treatment is to be borne. She, it is plain, is for peaceful measures, and so, putting up with the grievance, and soothed by her expostulatory looks and quiet demeanour, he at length pockets the affront and lies down by her side. Those impudent monkeys the monkeys are as impudent as ever, cracking the same never-stale jokes, and taking the same liberties with one another's tails, and (pardon us, shade of Chesterfield! for the allusion) doing the same neighbourly office, without the aid of a small-tooth comb, for one another's heads, as made us laugh years ago, and make us laugh still in spite of the many motives for seriousness which are but too apt at times to creep upon us. Then those pelicans! was ever a merchant plagued with

such a long bill as they are? See what a charge it is to them, and what pains they are at to settle it comfortably, ere they can rest at peace—poor fellows! they can't stick it on a file, as poor debtors do with their bills sometimes, and think no more about it for a season: well may they hang their heads with such a memorandum as that huge unsettled balance perpetually before them. What a contrast to the pelican is this stately ostrich, with his small angular head and human-looking eye! what a pile of rare feathers he carries on his bunch of a back, and how he buries his head beneath them as he prunes himself as though for a scamper of a hundred miles across the waste of sand! Has he forgotten yet his old African home in the wilderness, where he snuffed of an evening the far-off caravan, or the solitary Bedouin galloping alone in the desert? What a deafening din this whole parrot-tribe are making! Order! ladies and gentleman, if you please! Have you no sense of the decorum of a public meeting? "Tweet! twote! Quick, queek, quack, quock-a-rook-a-rook-a-roo!" We must run away and take refuge in this neighbouring building among the mice! How like a mouse-trap this place into which we have now entered smells, with a dash too of the rabbit-hutch flavour in it, and something else suggestive, not exactly of toasted cheese, but awakening the recollection of baiting an old trap in which we once caught a burglar rat, who had eaten in one night the heads off a brace of tame pet pheasants.

But we can linger no longer among our old acquaintances. There are a company of strangers arrived from the bottoms of ponds, the beds of rivers, and the shallows and the depths of the sea, to take up their abode in the metropolis of the world—and to them we must pay court. They are all ready to give a reception in yonder neat erection covered with a sheet awning, which has been fitted up for their accommodation. The building in which they are congregated is admirably adapted, as well for their own convenience as for that of visitors, who can see them in their own element, and study their peculiar conformation and habits with the least possible trouble. A capacious oblong chamber, about the size of a handsome dining-room, is thus fitted up: two large open tanks are placed one at either end, standing with their upper edges about a yard from the ground; these are filled, provisionally, with fresh water. Fragments of rock, pebbles, and moss-grown stones, mingled with water-weeds, are scattered at the bottom of these tanks, in one of which swim a company of water-tortoises of various sizes, from that of fifteen or eighteen inches to no more than three in width. When in the water these creatures are lively enough, paddling about at the bottom with considerable activity; but they appear to come out for the sole purpose of going to sleep—the smaller ones plainly preferring the back of a large one for a couch. Among these swims, or rather floats like a log, what seems the eidolon of a crocodile starved to death in his infancy. His ridgy back and part of his tail are buoyed up out of the water; he neither winks an eye nor wags a foot, nor sweeps his long tail, but lies as if dead. A small tortoise has effected a lodgment on his back, whence he looks sleepily round, turning his head about as fast as the minute-hand of a town-

clock, upon his brethren in the flood below. In the tank at the opposite end of the room are a brace of small pike, a number of carp, perch, and the small fry of English rivers, along with a colony of crawfish such as abound in the brooks and small streams of our inland counties. Wherever the pike choose to swim, they create a comparative solitude around them, none but the larger fish daring to remain in their presence.

The sides of the room, which are about double the length of the ends, are fitted up with large cisterns, some six feet in length by less than two in width, the walls of which are composed of plate-glass, and the water being perfectly clear, the smallest object they contain is distinctly visible: they are further placed at a convenient height for examination, either by the naked eye or by means of lenses. Among the prisoners in these cisterns, the first we happen to remark is a grim-looking pike, with whom are shut in a swarm of small fry which appear to be a species of minnows: these poor fellows are worse off than Ulysses and his crew in the cave of Polyphemus, and will be every one devoured alive as soon as the hungry fit moves master pike to a meal. Happily for them, they have no apprehension of their fate, though a natural instinct makes them keep together in a body, and aloof from the big gentleman whose larder they constitute. In another cistern are two larger pike alone, who if they be kept too long without their natural prey may chance to try the experiment of devouring one another; at least, such a thing has been known to take place. From the conformation of the pike's mouth, he affords us a good opportunity of observing the delicate breathing apparatus of the fish. The horny outer jaw is never entirely closed, but after every inhalation the filmy red gums within shut hermetically, when the water inhaled is expelled from the gills: air, though in quantities very minute, is as necessary to fish as to land animals, and were they deprived of it, like animals they would be suffocated.

But it is to the salt-water cisterns that we must turn for the greatest marvels and novelties. Some of these have been prepared and stocked with much taste and judgment, and present appearances of great beauty even to the casual spectator. The floor of the cistern represents the bottom of the sea strown with shingle, among which choice specimens of sea-weed in brilliant colours appear to have taken root and to be thriving vigorously. Marine plants of a mossy-green hue shoot up in columns to the surface of the water, and here and there projecting rocks rise above the level of the flood, their summits showing like islands in the deep. In these real marine stores we observe a number of periwinkles adhering to the upright walls of glass, or emerged from the water and congregated in groups upon the island rocks. A periwinkle is no great curiosity to a Londoner, even alive, and we might wonder why such a prodigious number of them find a place in those collections, did we not know that they are brought hither in their capacity as scavengers, and that by devouring the confervæ (minute hairweeds that grow very fast) they keep the water clear from its overgrowth. Shrimps, too, are not wanting; and it is worth while observing that their principal means of locomotion are the tail, by the impulse of which

they shoot up rapidly in the water, and the short legs beneath the hinder part of the body, which are properly speaking a set of paddles kept moving with inconceivable rapidity, propelling them in any direction. It is the fate of shrimps, however, to come to London to be eaten, whether in the shape of raw material, as these are, or boiled red for the human market as a relish with bread and butter. How they succumb to their doom here is plain from one or two examples before our eyes. Here, for instance, close to the front glass, is a sea anemone in the act of engulfing a shrimp, which, judging from the deliberate nature of the process, he must have caught at least six or seven hours ago. The head of the victim has disappeared in the central stomach of the devourer, and his back and tail only are visible: in the course of two or three hours another half inch of the green-grey body of the shrimp will be drawn in, and before night the whole, to the last tip of his tail, will probably have disappeared, and then the *anemone*, satisfied for a time, will most likely shut himself up in repose till the return of appetite urges him again to unfold his snares.

It is no easy matter to describe this exquisitely beautiful and wonderful inhabitant of the deep. The name he bears he derives from his resemblance, in certain states, to the well-known garden and greenhouse flower; but he is often as unlike to that as anything can well be, and resembles more a red limpet clinging to the rock. His powers of locomotion are next to none, and the slowest snail would distance him in the race. He must move, when he moves at all, by the expansion and contraction of his one broad foot, which may be aptly compared to a section of a preserved neat's tongue, only more brilliant in colour. One of them having taken up a footing upon the upright wall of plate glass, presents an admirable opportunity for observing this part of his structure. Others have fastened themselves to the sides of rocks; and others again have settled down among the pebbles at the bottom. Some are closed up in their parti-coloured night-caps, as though intending a nap after a meal; others are partially open, their long tentacula peeping forth from their tops; but most of them are open in full bloom, displayed in all their magnificence and excelling richness of colour. In this state they would be taken at first sight for gorgeous marine flowers in full bloom, with a hundred or more of delicately-tinted petals displayed in luxuriant profusion: but each transparent worm-like petal is a vital finger, stretched forth to signal the approach of prey; and in the centre of that brilliant assemblage of apparent blossoms yawns the mouth, or the stomach, for they appear to be identical, which is to be the tomb of the unthinking explorer. It is by no means plain that the *anemone* always seizes its prey with its numerous petal-like claws or fingers: it may be that it has the power of exuding something attractive to the small creatures upon which it feeds, and that these meet their destruction in seeking for food. There are here several varieties of this protean creature.

The star-fishes, many of which are familiar to us on our own coasts, next claim attention. They are seen grasping the rough rock in their long arms, or clinging against the glass, where we have the

opportunity of observing the thousands of rapidly expanding and contracting tentacula, which appear as if each were busily employed on its own account in feeling and foraging about for nourishment for the general head: these numberless transparent feelers are not unlike the horns of a garden snail, which they resemble in size, while they project and contract as readily. Of these, also, there are several varieties. One beautiful specimen, as though court-ing observation, adheres to the centre of the glass, with his star-shaped foot of a rich cream colour spotted with vermilion, where he shows at a distance not unlike a full-blown camellia, the glory of the conservatory.

Of all the spectacles in this curious exhibition the most grotesque is that presented by the hermit-crab. This marine proprietor, though he has a house, or at least a shell of his own, chooses to pass his days in the deserted habitations of other people. When Mr. Whelk is dead, and has of course no further occasion for a family residence, Hermit Crab steps in and administers to his effects. He does it on a principle not altogether unknown in human affairs, taking especial care of the interests of the said H. C., and bestowing not a single thought upon any other claimant whatever. In short, he takes summary possession of the property in his own right, or might—the two being identical in coral courts of justice—and retains it just as long as it is of any use to him, after which he generously abandons it for the good of the public. Here he is before our eyes, sitting comfortably at the door of the comfortable tenement demised to him by Slimy Whelk of that ilk, and enjoying himself with the air of a fat proprietor well-to-do in the world. He has a fine red suit of regimentals of his own, and is particularly fussy and active, now in making his toilet, now in attending to the care of his appetite. He carries a machine something like a couple of folding-doors before his mouth, which seems never in want of occupation, and to which he is constantly carrying something by means of those neat little nippers at the end of his claws. We are apt to imagine, when we see crabs or lobsters lying dead on the fishmonger's shop-board, that those ponderous claws of theirs must be very unmanageable implements for marine gentlemen at their meals. But this is quite a mistake. They are the very thing. Come and look at this gentleman at dinner, and see how he manages it. We forget that the huge lobster-claw which in the dealer's shop may weigh half a pound or more, at the bottom of the sea weighs just nothing at all, and may be used by its proprietor as advantageously as our own hands by us. Our hermit has no notion that he is a heavy-fisted fellow: his long arms are flourishing vivaciously about, and bringing grist to that mill of a mouth which never stops grinding. We foresee that if he goes on long at this rate, he will have to go in search of another mansion, he being already almost too big for his present hermitage. He has several brethren of a smaller size around him, one or other of whom will be perfectly ready to take possession of his domain when he has vacated it. The appearance of these gentry—squatters as they are in the deserted abodes of a different race—is not a little comic. They will all have to move out as they grow bigger, and though

they are strangers to the anxieties of quarter-day, those of house-moving must press upon them with double weight when their friends the whelks, with an inconvenient love of life, refuse to die out in their favour.

Another curious species of crab is the spider-crab, doubtless so called from his resemblance in shape to the garden-spider. He is as busy with his mouth as the hermit, but not nearly so agile in his movements; his long thin legs seem to have nothing to do, and he makes a vain attempt with them to grapple with the plate-glass, on which he has no hold. Beneath him hangs against the polished surface a long ghost-like looking specimen of the sea-slug, clad in white with a hairy back, and reminding one, except in colour, of the great field-slug that sometimes crosses our path on a summer evening's walk. Below him again is the sea-mouse, lying motionless among the pebbles, whether dead or alive this deponent sayeth not. Standing upright among the sea-weeds at the bottom are certain white-looking objects, something like the hollow trunks of trees denuded of their bark, and which we are assured are living creatures, though no signs of animation are visible after the closest and longest scrutiny. Here and there on the bottom lie some thriving bivalves of various sorts, their shells slowly disparting and closing again, and revealing bright metallic-looking points visible between the hairy fringe and scalloped edges of the shell.

Swimming about in some of the cisterns are the little long arrow-shaped nest-building fishes, whose scientific name we forget—graceful creatures about four or five inches in length, and not more than half an inch in breadth, and which would be perfectly beautiful were it not for a very pugnacious-looking pair of jaws telling of rapine and plunder. Whether they will choose to build nests before the eyes of the public, where all their domestic operations will be overlooked by visitors, remains to be seen. Among them, though he affects the bottom of the cistern, only taking an occasional excursion aloft, is a beautiful little creature about the size of an English gudgeon, who might be taken in a state of quiescence for a fragment of a time-worn ruin or a portion of a branch of a lichen-covered ash. He is furnished with voluminous gauze-like fins, which flutter about him, when he is in rapid motion, like summer drapery upon a dancing maiden. If one could suppose a fish to be subject to vanity, we might attribute that weakness to him, he seems so fond of exhibiting his singular attire. Many other strangers are seen emerging occasionally from the interstices between the rocks or the recesses among the weeds. Here comes one bashful little fellow, whose body is a stone-grey, but whose head is striped with emerald green, with a circle of the same vivid colour around his eyes: his fins—whiz! his fins have taken him off before we could see what they were like, and compelled us to leave the completion of his description to a future opportunity. Here comes an ugly little fellow, with the head almost of a bull-frog, and a body like the flat tail of a large eel; he is no beauty, nor no rarity either, as we have caught his like on the coast often enough when fishing for something much better worth catching. There he goes clean through the sprawling fortifications of a

spider-crab, knocking the poor thing half over, and in a minute comes tumbling back again to take post behind our friend the hermit-crab, round whom he wriggles ungracefully twice at least every five minutes.

Here is a piece of solid stone as big as your head, which is drilled through in fifty places with holes of the diameter of a fourpenny piece, and as perfectly circular. These holes are the work of a mischievous mollusc which bores its way through the adamant rock—to whom chalk and sandstone are but bread and cheese, and who has an appetite suited to any emergency, and can eat his way out of any difficulty, however great. Here are fifty marvels besides, living and dead—and whether living or dead we cannot tell—which we have at present neither leisure nor space to discuss. There is a marine gentleman at home, waiting for us, upon whom we are pledged to make an experiment in practical anatomy, using a fish-slice for a scalpel, at four o'clock—and it is now past three. One more look at the sea-anemone, who, we find, has swallowed his shrimp all but the tail-piece.

We have visited the gardens this morning in the character of a casual observer, and have given but a general glance at a spectacle as yet not fully prepared for the critical examination of the public. We may, perhaps, return to them again when the arrangements are fully completed, and when all the cisterns are stocked with the inhabitants of the river and the sea. Then, as lovers of natural history, we may be enabled to report to our readers somewhat less discursively respecting this bold and well-arranged attempt to familiarize the population of London with the social usages in vogue among the denizens of the deep.

OLD HUMPHREY ON BIRTHDAYS.

Now is my time to write on this subject if I mean ever to write upon it at all, for it is my birthday, and my gray hairs tell me there must needs be some uncertainty as to its return. An hour ago the postman gave his spirited double rap, and my table is tolerably well covered with letters and packages, the winged messengers of friendship and the kind offerings of affection. Every reader of the "Leisure Hour" must have some interest in his own birthday, and in that of his friends; I will try, then, to be suitable in my remarks, and to reach both the merry and the mournful-hearted.

A birthday in youth and prime is usually a sunshiny season; but as the sun of life declines, the lengthening shadows of thought become more apparent in human character. An old man can hardly avoid looking before and behind him; and thus, while young people on their birthdays, with their faces lit up with smiles, think only of the present, the aged on such occasions, with graver countenances, reflect on the past and the future. This is as it should be. Age may be cheerful and yet thoughtful, and not to be the latter would supply a much more reasonable cause of regret than not being the former.

A birthday is oftentimes a harvest-day of affectionate remembrances and tokens of good-will. Would that on this day I could give to others half the gratification that others have given me. How

kindly do I feel towards my several correspondents, whose communications are full of free-hearted desires for my welfare:

"Wishing me happy hours in endless store,
True friends, good health, all honour; nay, yet more,
That heaven-lit hope, and God-descended peace,
Which still remains when all things earthly cease."

Birthdays include all days in the calendar, for there is not one in the revolving year that is not a high-day and a holiday to some rejoicing heart; or a day of mournful recollection to some sorrowful spirit, as the birthday of one estimated and loved. Parents exult in the birthdays of their children, and children in those of their parents. A fond mother remembers, with tears, that it is the natal day of a son who is abroad, perhaps tossing on the billowy deep, or settled in some distant locality; and an affectionate father calls to mind with a sob, which he vainly tries to suppress, that it is the birthday of a dear daughter in heaven, a day which, though now shrouded with gloom, had used to be kept with festivity and rejoicing. Our birthdays while we are here will be remembered by ourselves, and perhaps when we are gone they will be borne in mind by others.

Who is there that has not, on many occasions, wished that he could soar towards the firmament and look down on the manifold pursuits and occupations of mankind? Could I now see the yearly jubilee of others' birthdays, what a chequered scene would be spread out before me! Hundreds who win their bread by daily toil are too much occupied in the hard, every-day duties and cares of life to think much of their birthdays; while others are altogether absorbed by the return of a season which brings to them so much of pleasure.

Just now I see in my fancy what I have often seen in reality, and few who have witnessed it are likely to forget it—the bright, beamy, bustling birthday of the sovereign, as it used to manifest itself at the general post-office, when mail-coaches, instead of mail-carts, were in fashion. A life, a cheerfulness, a merriment prevailed around, and the "birthday" was visible in every face. The procession of fresh-painted harness and gay riband rosettes, the coachmen and guards in their flaring red coats, and the postmen riding before, made London alive. St. Martin's-le-grand, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, and Parliament-street, seemed to be keeping holiday. And then it was an animating sight, when the busy crowd assembled at night, to see the mails take their departure, piled up with leathern bags, the guards, armed with their blunderbusses, strapping them firmly together. As one says, "There go the Plymouth and Canterbury coaches up the street, and there go the York, the Birmingham, and the Holyhead down the street, with a dozen others, hurrying and driving along in different directions; coachmen and guards in their red coats, whips cracking, horses prancing, wheels clattering, horns blowing, and mail-coaches and mail-carts rattling over the stones—one of the noisiest, the busiest, and the most cheerful sights in all London."

And now rises in my memory a birthday scene in which a rosy band of cottage children were the happy actors. It was in a dreamy nook, a worn-

out quarry, sheltered from the hot sunbeams; a peaceful place garlanded with woodbines and hanging plants, and where all day long was heard the hum of bees and songs of joyous birds. Around it grew straggling brambles laden with blackberries. There grouped together, the happy-hearted children enjoyed their mimic feast, their acorn cups before them. Just as I looked down upon them from the high banks above, a sister wreathed her arms about the neck of her chubby-cheeked little brother. Amid many fair things those children were the fairest. Love reigned among them, and the kiss went round. It was a gladdening sight, for that childish revel had in it a more real pleasure—

"A joy more sweet, and innocent, and pure,
Than wealth can buy or festive halls secure."

Pleasant it is to see a bright, sparkling, loveable being, just mingling the girl with the woman, preparing her plans and marshalling her friends for her coming birthday. If she be a little interested by the new dress in which she is to appear, call it not by the ugly name of vanity. If for a season her heart is occupied in the varied amusements in which her guests are to engage, think her not of necessity either trifling or worldly-minded. It is an accredited season of rejoicing—a privileged holiday. We of the gray hair are not to mould the world after our own antiquated fashion; we are not to knit our brows and truss up the bodies and souls of the young with our own fancied forms of propriety; but rather, remembering our youthful days, to allow elbow-room for the more buoyant emotions of those who are younger than ourselves. Play, throbbing pulse! beat, happy heart! and a blessing light on the hours of your recreation! Young men and maidens, rejoice in the season of your youth; but never may your buoyant birthdays unfit you for the graver duties of life, nor hinder you in your way to heaven.

Sometimes a birthday finds us recovering from an illness that has pulled down our strength and blanched our cheeks. How delightful in such a case, wearied with the fever-laden atmosphere of a sick chamber, from the opened casement to breathe the morning air, to look forth with strange delight and then to wander abroad. Grateful to our senses are the commonest sights and sounds; how pleasant is the sunbeam, how balmy the breeze, how sweet the music of the birds! Our upturned eyes are moist with grateful tears. It is our birthday; again we are come forth to mingle with a bright and joyous world, and our hearts are filled with thankfulness and our mouths with praise.

As I before intimated, aged people, even though of cheerful disposition, have shadowy thoughts on their birthdays. They find themselves a year or two older than they had imagined, and look grave at the discovery. While noting down these remarks, I cannot choose but talk a little to myself.

"And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
Thou canst not long continue here,
And this may be thy last."

is very suitable language for my lip and my heart.
I have one friend who has reached her ninety-

third year; but how many have I had who were beckoned away to another world before they had reached my age! Few and far between are the friends of my earlier days, and those who have been called away greatly outnumber those that remain.

Would that every one had always a happy birthday, and that the dwelling-places of those who sit at the desk, labour at the loom, work in the mine, or wield the hammer, the saw, or the file, rung with grateful joy and light-hearted merriment! Would that on such occasions there was every cause for congratulation and rejoicing, and none for regret and lamentation! "It is," says one, "a poor heart that never rejoices;" and when is there a fitter season to rejoice, than on the return of that day when we came into this breathing world, to help each other gratefully to enjoy, patiently to endure, and to do His holy will who has crowned us with tender mercies and loving-kindnesses!

Birthdays are mostly kept by the happy-hearted, for little are they recked of by those who have poverty and pain, sickness and sorrow, in their habitations. To the outcasts of the world, the return of the day of their birth must be rather an affliction than a source of joy. The ruined spendthrift, the prisoner, and the felon, cannot but say in their hearts, "Oh that it were with me as in days that are past!" Yes, the unhappy set but little store by their birthdays, and would rather blot them out than remember them. Poor Job thought lightly enough of his, when his sons and his daughters were destroyed; his camels, asses, sheep, and oxen taken away; and his body so changed by sickness, that his very friends did not know him. What a mockery it would have been, in the depth of his destitution and darkness, to have paid him the compliment of wishing him "many happy returns!" What a keen and bitter susceptibility must he have had of his desolate condition when he thus spoke of his birthday: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above. As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year. Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning." I know not whether Job's birthday came round while he was in this trouble, but if so it must have been a day of darkness. It becomes us not, however, to despond in the hour of calamity; rather should we remember that it is as light a thing with God to lift up as to pull down; for of this same Job it is said that the Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning.

I must now bring my remarks to a close. We all like to be estimated by those we respect, and none of us have any objection to be remembered on our birthdays by those who have a niche in our hearts; and whether the symbol of their affection or friendship assumes the shape of a page of prose, a verse of poetry, an etching, a book-marker, a simple flower, or any other form, it is invested with the value that kindness always confers. Reader, what is the date of your birth? Have you ever made inquiry whether any good man came into the world or went out of it on that day,

that you might have some one to imitate? Or whether any bad man was born or died on that day, that you might shun his evil deeds? Have you given yourself the trouble to ascertain whether any event has ever occurred on that day calculated to awaken your wonder, increase your piety, or call forth your thankfulness? What a reproach to any one it must be to be born on the same date as Beveridge, Baxter, Watts, or Wesley, and yet be ungodly; or on the birthday of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Fry, and be hard-hearted and cruel! There are many ways of turning a birthday to account; and if no better method should occur to you, adopt at once the following advice of Old Humphrey, putting it in practice on your very next birthday. Enjoy the present, think on the past, and prepare for the future. Call to mind your mercies, encourage thankfulness of heart, forgive such as have offended you, and try to make some aching heart happy. Hardly can I express a better wish for you than that which a kind correspondent has expressed for me:—

"Many happy returns of the day of thy birth,
Many seasons of sunshine be given;
And may God, in his mercy, prepare thee on earth
For a birthday of glory in heaven."

THE TEMPLE AT PARIS.

WE extract, from Mr. Simpson's recent work on "Paris after Waterloo," the following narrative of a visit paid to the remains of "The Temple"—a spot which has acquired a historic celebrity in connection with its unhappy captive, Louis XVI of France.

Crossing the paved court, we entered at the front door of the Hôtel de Temple. Three rooms of great interest, on this floor, have not undergone the slightest alteration—those which were allotted to the royal family when first conveyed hither on the 10th of August. They are large square rooms, and, as usual in France, *en suite*. The walls are covered with the gilded leather which succeeded tapestry, and preceded paper, and the panelling is richly carved and gilded. The whole is now old and shabby, and there was no furniture in the rooms.

In these rooms the royal family remained the whole day, till twelve o'clock at night. Expecting to be allowed to remain, they had made up a bed on the floor for the king and the dauphin, and something of the same kind, in another room, for the queen, her daughter, and the Princess Elizabeth. The man pointed out the very spots. The king's was in a small recess, like a sideboard recess. The savage and wanton order to remove the whole family into the wretched tower in the garden, purposely delayed to give it more effect, came at midnight, after the dauphin and his sister had gone to bed. They were never again in the comparatively better accommodation of the hotel. The king was thrice within its walls—once when he underwent the audacious examination before a deputation from the Convention, in the same room where he had once expected to sleep; and the other two occasions, when he passed through it to his trial, and to his death. It was very impressive to be within the walls of the very room where so extraordinary an event took

place as the examination of the grand monarch of France by five or six of his subjects. Every panel and ornament on walls and roof was then the same as now, and I could imagine every part and portion of the chamber perused by the king's eye, without being noticed by him. I assigned a place to the table with the chairs of the inquisitors, the spot nearest the door to the king and the guards, and seemed to hear the noise of the enraged mob on the outside of the *porte-cochère*. Again I perused every spot of the other two apartments, and went out at the door into the garden, by a broad flight of steps. It was a great disappointment to find that the actual prison was gone, but I was assured that the garden had not suffered the slightest change. I stood on the steps to look at it. It seemed square, about an acre in extent, and not in good order. It was, however, meant to be a dressed piece of ground, having a little pond, some artificial rocks in most absurd taste, some very old crazy garden-chairs, walks very much grass-grown, shrubberies, and trees. A high wall surrounds it, and the windows of the high houses in the neighbourhood overlook it. It by no means looked like the yard of a prison, and I rather think it had never been more than a state prison, till prepared for the royal family. The use of the garden was permitted them, under, however, the closest watch; and their walks and seats were pointed out to me, with all the interest of having undergone no change. I could have tarried a long time on this sadly interesting spot. In the centre of the garden had stood the tower. It was a square building of no great size, consisting of four stories, with a round tower at each of the four corners; the tower surmounted by a high conical slated roof, with a vane on the top. There are engravings of it. This tower must have been the original dwelling of the *Grand Prieur de Malthe*. To mark where it stood, there are put down in the garden a number of wooden pins, forming the square and the corner towers. The site of a building always appears small. When I stood within the pins, I did not think the centre square could be twenty feet. I should have measured it. Recollecting that the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith was confined here, and that he owed his escape to a romantic telegraphic correspondence with a lady, who appeared at a window in a house on the outside of the wall of the garden, I found that the porter could point out the house, but not the window. He recollected hearing of the chevalier Sidney Smith. Captain Wright, Pichegru, and Georges, were all severally confined here, and are believed to have been here severally murdered. We now entered the hotel once more, passed through the lobby, out of the door, and across the court in front—the path of the king to the carriage that waited to conduct him to the guillotine, when he said—"Allons marchons." The porter invited me into his house to see the model in wood which has been preserved of the Temple tower. It is said to be accurate. By opening the tower on one side on each story, you have an inside view of the apartments, in which, for further interest, are placed little figures of the royal family: in one is the parting scene. On the first floor you see guards and deputies; and in one room is the wretch with the *bonnet rouge* who was employed to guard and insult the dauphin. Poor

Clery's closet, off the king's room, is also opened; and that faithful servant is seen seated, holding his head with his hands, in agonies of grief. The little exhibition would be wretched anywhere else; but on the spot, there was no looking at it without deep interest. The garden was also represented, with the royal prisoners seated on one of the garden seats, with two guards attending them, at a little distance. The street was pointed out by which the carriage drove off for the fatal closing scene. The procession moved along the Boulevards to the Place Louis xv, at least two miles from the Temple. It is well known that, when the horror-struck king attempted to speak, the drums were inhumanly ordered to beat. Rescue by a relenting people was not doubted by the king; but when the drums began, he wrung his hands, and exclaimed, "I am lost!—I am lost!"

GIRARD, THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.

THE remarkable career of the celebrated Girard, the founder of the American college of that name, is thus noticed by Mr. Freedley, in his work, recently noticed by us, on "Money." "Stephen Girard was born on the 24th day of May, 1750, within the environs of Bordeaux, in France. He sailed to the West Indies as a cabin boy, when only twelve years of age; and, after residing there some time, removed to the United States. He followed the sea as mate, captain, and part owner of a vessel for a while, and accumulated some money. He entered into partnership with Isaac Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, and purchased two vessels to commence the St. Domingo trade; but they were captured, and that dissolved the firm.

"During the war, he was at Mount Holly, in the business of bottling claret and cider. In 1779 he returned to Philadelphia, and entered upon the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade. He then tried a partnership with his brother, which, in the course of three or four years, exploded in a rupture. Shortly after this, his prospects were materially aided by the acquisition of 10,000*l.*, deposited in one of his vessels during the insurrection at St. Domingo, and for which the owners never called. In 1791 he commenced ship-building, and from that time until his death was engaged in various mercantile speculations, and in banking. In 1811 he had 200,000*l.* in the hands of the —, who were then in imminent danger of failure. Had they failed, it is very probable that Girard College would never have been built. The effect on his peculiar constitution of mind would, most likely, have proved fatal. He died in 1832, estimated to be worth 2,500,000*l.*

"He never gave an opinion on the causes of his success, that I am aware of. When requested to furnish incidents for his life, he refused, replying: 'My actions must make my life.' We can probably glean his opinion from the following two or three little 'actions':—

"A gentleman from Europe purchased a bill of exchange on Girard, to defray the expenses of a tour to this country. It was duly honoured on presentation, but in the course of their transactions it so happened, that *one cent* (a halfpenny) remained to be refunded on the part of the Euro-

pean; and, on the eve of his departure from this country, Girard dunned him for it. The gentleman apologized, and tendered him a six and a quarter cent piece, requesting the difference. Mr. Girard tendered him in change *five cents*, which the gentleman declined to accept, alleging he was entitled to an additional quarter of a cent. In reply, Girard admitted the fact, but informed him that it was not in his power to comply, as the government had neglected to provide the fractional coin in question, and returned the gentleman the six cent piece, reminding him, however, that he must still consider him his debtor for the balance.

"We saw that remarkable man (Girard) after his head was white with the frost of nearly four-score years, and could not help noticing, even then, the minute attention which he gave to the most trivial thing that could affect his fortune. 'Take that lot of fowls away; the roosters are too many; they would keep the hens poor,' said the old merchant to a farmer, who had brought them for one of Girard's ships—'take them away—I will not buy them.'

"'Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves,' was evidently his opinion.

"The posthumous charities of Mr. Girard," remarks Mr. Freedley, "were merely the Egyptian spices that embalm a loathsome carcase; for he forgot the charities due to long service, and buried the heart of a man in the money bags of the merchant."

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

NOTHING is more easy than to say the words of a prayer; but to pray hungering and thirsting for an answer is the hardest of all works.

Prayer brings God into the heart, and keeps sin out.

"Ask, and it shall be given you;" only let God choose the time and manner of giving.

Praying with the heart is praying by the Spirit, whether with or without a form.

No true prayer is lost, though we may have forgotten it.

All prayer is hypocrisy and sad deceit, if we do not ask what God would have us to ask, and really desire what we ask.

We can never pray too earnestly for the Holy Spirit. In our other petitions we may ask what it would be injurious for us to receive.

Resting in the bare act of prayer is a most dangerous delusion, and keeps the soul from its proper relief.

O God, give me what thou knowest to be good, and thou alone knowest what is good: give me more than I can ask or think; if the reverse of what I ask is what I should ask, give me that; let me not be undone by my prayers.

I put my prayers into Christ's hands; and what may not I expect from them, when I have such an advocate?

If we *know* God's will, happy are we if we *do* it.

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.

Never open the door to what is foolishly called a "little sin," lest a great one should enter also.

It is better to sow the young heart with good thoughts than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

UNION OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.—They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can spirits ever be divided that love under the influence of the same divine principle. Death to such is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still. This is the comfort of such friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, immortal.

Varieties.

MIND WHAT YOU SAY BEFORE CHILDREN.

It is always well to avoid saying everything that is improper; but it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear, they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbour, in a language you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbour's house, and the lady had always expressed to him great pleasure from his calls. One day, just after she had remarked to him, as usual, her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked, "Are you not glad to see me, George?" "No, sir," replied the boy. "Why not, my little man?" he continued. "Because mother don't want you to come," said George. "Indeed! how do you know that, George?" Here the mother became crimson, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied, "Because, she said yesterday, she wished that old bore would not call here again." That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression that "great is the truth, and it will prevail."

Another little child looked sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied, "I wanted to see if you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests who it was that lived next door to him, and when he heard his name, inquired if he was not a fool. "No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?" "Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day, that you were next door to a fool; and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."—*New York Observer.*

STRIVE!

EARNEST striving is the sole condition of success in spiritual matters, as in worldly affairs. It is no easy thing to fulfil our course, to solve life's sublime problem, and reap its ripe cultured fruits. No man is crowned except he strive; the brilliant crowns that stud the brow of conquerors demand their price. Heaven is not a house of refuge for the indolent, nor a resort for those who are too inefficient and shiftless to find a home here. Its rewards are reserved for hands that fairly win them, and its treasures belong to those who violently seize upon them. Though no man merits heaven by labour, (nor can gain it save through faith in the atonement of Christ and the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit,) no man gains heaven without labour—labour that absorbs the whole being, and continues as long as life lasts. There will be time enough to rest when the struggle is over; here is there no rest. Toil here, and enjoyment there; strife on earth, and peace in heaven; the vigour and stress of battle now, and the glory and fruit of conquest hereafter; this is the grand order of things imposed by the Great Disposer, which the wise man cheerfully accepts and makes the most of. Happy is he who so strives as to win! Christian reader, we have no time to lose. Much of life has already been idly wasted, and unworthy objects have usurped far too many of our energies. Now it is time to awake out of sleep. The day is far spent, and the night already casts its shadows upon our path—a night in which no more work will be done. What we do, we must do quickly. The achievements we purpose are to be made soon, if made at all. Soon the sun will disappear, the twilight come rapidly on, the clouds thicken, and the light of day go out. Will our day's work be faithfully done? Will life's business be fully accomplished?—*American Paper.*

THE MEMORY OF O'CONNELL.

A TOUCHING picture of the evanescent character of human glory is given in the following description of the present aspect of the once great O'Connell's residence.

"The wild ruin of the house where Daniel was born stands in an admirable situation for smuggling, and so does the abbey; and the legend runs that the facility was abundantly used. Smuggling is quite over now, as the coast-guard tell with a sigh. And agitation is over too. So the one house stands a ruin, and the other is rotting away in damp and neglect. It is inhabited; it is even filled with company at times; but not the less forlorn in its appearance, when seen from a nearer point than the mountain roads, choked by its own woods, which grow almost up to the windows, stained with damp, out of joint, unrepaired, unrenewed: it is a truly melancholy spectacle. Melancholy to all eyes, it is most so to the minds of those who can go beyond a quarter of a century, and hear again the shouts which hailed the advent of the Liberator, and see again the reverent enthusiasm which watched him from afar, when he rested at Derrynane from his toils, and went to hunt among the hills, or cruise about his bay. Now, there is his empty yacht in the sound, and his chair in the chapel covered with black cloth. All else that he enjoyed there, in his vast wealth of money, fame, and popular love, seems to be dropping away to destruction. When we were there, the bay, whose full waters must give life and music to the whole scene, was a forlorn stretch of impassable sand—neither land nor water. The tide was out. It was too like the destiny of him whom it neighboured so nearly. His glory swelled high; and grand at one time was its dash and roar: but the tide is out; and it can never return—could never have returned if he had lived; for there is going on, we trust, a gradual up-heaving of the land, giving some promise of that reclamation which he never would allow. It is said further of O'Connell, that his name is scarcely ever mentioned in Ireland now. When the news of his death arrived there was grief 'for three or four days,' and then he seemed to be forgotten. His portrait (a good painting we are told) was lately sold for two shillings."

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD STUDENT.

MANY years since, when the late lieutenant-governor Phillips, of Andover, Mass., was a student of Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak he left the university and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound mind and few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast, he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?" She replied, "Yes." "Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son." Samuel kept pace with his father as he leisurely walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, "What are you going to do with me, father?" "I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice; return to college, or you must work." "I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became an excellent and useful citizen. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, (whose conduct on this occasion was commendable, although it by no means follows that the harsh enforcement of parental authority is under all circumstances justifiable,) the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a more plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF RODEN.

It is said of one of the earls of Roden, that there stood in his stately hall a strong box on which were painted the words, "To be saved first, in case of fire." After the earl's death, it was opened in expectation of finding some rich treasure; but nothing was found save the toys of an only and departed child, whose memory by these simple relics he sought fondly to cherish.